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A1275

CANADIAN

SONGS

OF THE

NEW WORLD

BY

J. ALEXANDER-ARMSTRONG

TORONTO :
IMRIE, GRAHAM & COMPANY
31 CHURCH STREET
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Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Eight
Hundred and Ninety-six, by J. ALEXANDER-ARMSTRONG, in the office of
the Minister of Agriculture.

HONOR LYNNE.

A TALE OF NORTHERN MEXICO.

PART I.

By Zenel's brim the light is low,
More faintly flushed his waters glow
Where sinks the dusky eve.
From Roca's crests the shadows grow,
The West's red flames are ebbing slow,
Light takes a lingering leave.

Ho ! harp and tabret hither bring,
And rest and tune the magic string,
While sets yon sun afar.
Reign silence all around the ring,
We have one tragic song to sing
Before the rising star.

Let music breathe her witching spell,
So rest we till yon convent bell
Proclaims the vesper prayer ;
And ye shall list and we shall tell
The varying fortunes which befell
Our little Golden Hair.

Sing of a parted household band,
Of will all fortune to withstand
Some two score years ago ;
And nearer to the Rio Grande,
In this old, strange and warlike land,
Romantic Mexico.

A land by legend peopled o'er,
 Richer than wealth of magic store
 By fiction self-designed ;
 With mystic wonder-world of yore,
 More wild than all the fairy lore
 That charms the infant mind.

A lonely land, whose solitudes
 Make music for my wayward moods,
 And I will know again
 Her twilight depths of ancient woods,
 Her rush and roll of summer floods,
 And bounding tropic main.

And lofty peaks adorn that clime,
 Grey ledges of the ancient prime,
 And valleys fair to see ;
 With names too rude for measured rhyme,
 Too harsh for tune—too long for time,
 Too strange for memory.

And such a scene did yonder lie,
 Make glad the heart and soothe the eye ;
 And up where streams begin
 Soared such a peak through ambient sky,
 And such a vale went winding by,
 Where dwelled our Honor Lynne.

"My daughter, take this flask with thee,
 And at the fountain fill the same,
 A rood beyond the walnut tree,
 And bear it deftly back to me,
 As Honor is thy name."

And she hath heeded what she heard,
 But strangely is her spirit stirred,
 While all obediently,

Still pondering on each parting word,
 As to the fountain forth she fared,
 Thus to herself said she :

"I do remember when I try,
 My brother Hubert said that I—
 Before he went away—
 He said for Honor, he would die,
 For she had fallen from the sky
 Like any summer day."

In lonely state this maid had grown,
 For friend or playmate had she none
 To prompt or answer how ;
 Her heart was formed to sport alone,
 A year, a month, a day ago,
 The blithest she—but now

How changed her manner—how subdued,
 Nor sighing wind, nor rustling wood
 Can wake her fancy's play ;
 'Tis truth, though darkly understood,
 That change of fate brings change of mood
 To children of a day.

Where wild flower nods, and trailer sweeps
 By bush and bloom, her course she keeps
 With meditative mien ;
 And where the sparkling water leaps,
 By yon low rock she stays her steps
 And gazes round the scene.

That scene all nature doth endower,
 All heaven aglow—all earth a bower,
 Yon sky's deep sapphire hue ;
 Now blooms neath summer's crowning hour,
 Whose wand has touched it into flower,
 One mighty bell of blue.

O winsome world by care unworn,
 O radiant day of hopes unshorn,
 And thrilled with light and song
 How glorious rose that summer morn,
 Another heir to brightness born
 'Mid days remembered long.

When broached the fount of wretchedness,
 When bitter mingles with the bliss,
 Such days we call to mind
 That gladsome rose but sank amiss
 In storm and shade ; and such was this,
 The one we have defined.

Low murmurs from the brooding day,
 Faint echoes borne from far away,
 A wandering voice—a tramp—a neigh,
 Are backward borne, and then
 Far down yon way in swift array
 Go armed and mounted men.

And upland now she turns her gaze
 And marks the noon's diminished blaze
 Without one thought of ill,
 Though one by one his ardent rays
 Are lost amid the banded haze
 That gathers round the hill,

Where deepening through each varying freak,
 In long dun bars of trailing reek,
 A sombre bank of cloud,
 With many a vapour-shaded streak,
 Has folded round yon towering peak
 His storm-presaging shroud.

And strangely hushed hath nature grown,
 And as the bubbling flask of stone
 Within the fount she fills,

Faint echoing from the far unknown
 The solemn thunder's cloudy groan,
 Rolls o'er the distant hills.

The flask is filled, and still she stops
 Between the fountain and the copse,
 And gazes round the scene,
 When battering through the verdant tops
 The racing dash of heavy drops
 Fall few and far between.

Deep darkens all the west amain,
 And yonder wakes the warning strain,
 A wild and shrieking wail;
 It swells and sinks and swells again,
 The courier of the hurricane
 That runs before the gale.

Before the rain cloud's heavy dash,
 Swift down the glen through pine and ash,
 It came, that rushing moan,
 Preluded by one blinding flash,
 And near her, with an angry crash,
 An oak was overthrown.

Between her and her home—alas,
 Just in the weary straightest pass
 Of all the straight ravine,
 In one defaced and mangled mass
 His lofty crown came to the grass
 With all his honors green.

Get thee to shelter, dreaming maid;
 She fled, and met the barricade—
 The fallen oak-crown gay;
 An instant's pause must here be made
 For an impromptu escalade,
 But swift she wins her way.

For over banks and fallen trees,
 And loftier bars than even these,
 Her steps have been before.
 The topmost bough she grasps with ease,
 Now will she turn and deem she sees
 Her parents at their door.

No, they have died as thousands die,
 They perished with that warning cry,
 'Mid nature's waste and woe.

For ere her mind take thought to fly,
 While yet she kneels with startled eye
 Against that topmost bough,
 The torrents from the bursting sky
 All landmarks overflow ;
 And giant trees are swayed on high,
 And rocks are rolled below.

The floatwood bars the torrent swift,
 The freshet gains; its barriers shift,
 The piling waters strain
 That tangled boom to rend or lift,
 And loaded with the gathering drift,
 It bends and breaks amain,

And sweeps away her verdant raft,
 And floods on floods are rolled abaft,
 Amid the stormy race
 That all but overwhelms it oft,
 Yet bears the swaying crest aloft,
 And drags its anchored base.

And blind amid the beating spray,
 And on and onward and away
 And farther from her home,
 Through scenes of chaos and dismay,
 O'er tossing floods that rock her stay,
 And dash her steps with foam.

Away, away, by cove and rock,
 Torn wood and crumbling hill,
 With fears that haunt and hopes that mock
 Through scenes that daunt, and sounds that shock,
 And dreams of deadly ill.

PART II.

Far on before that watery trail
 Another fate hung in the scale,
 A youth had wandered there,
 And riding fiercely down the vale
 A troop had gone before the gale
 With warrant not to spare.

For he had borne his modest might
 To aid a cause he deemed the right
 And fallen in the fray.
 Stunned captive, carried from the fight,
 And 'neath the shadows of the night,
 Broke bond and slipped away.
 Now all in forms like fallen man
 The dauntless dogs of Santa Anne,
 Were ranging for the prey.

As down the vale he thus declined
 With faltering step and troubled mind,
 He cast his glance afar,
 Where only half a league behind,
 And riding like the mountain wind,
 Came down the narrow vale,
 Came down the heavy trail,
 The toiling dogs of war.

Again he gazed and sore dismayed
 Beheld the storm king's ambuscade,
 Beyond his mountain fence;
 All cloudy hosts are there alaid,
 And rank on rank in gloom arrayed,
 They mingle in one awful shade
 Of darkness most intense.

And whirled above yon frowning brow
In swiftly rising might avow

 Their purpose as they grow ;
Dread portents they proclaiming how
The wrath of storms is garnerd now
 And brimmed to overflow.

Dead walls of rock on either hand,
Behind ride storm and storming band

 The onward path alone.
In deepening dread of death or bond,
He faltering traced and just beyond
 A jutting curb of stone.

He bent and breathed one fervent prayer,
For shelter from the closing snare,

 Above, around him spread ;
Then hooves of thunder shook his lair,
And rolling thunder and the air
 Came blackening with their tread.

For soaring from yon frowning ledge,
The far-rolled storm with tattered edge

 Comes flaunting all abroad,
And human might will bow like sedge,
Or tremble as a withered hedge
 Before the breath of God.

And human wrath might well forbear
When that red ray with vivid glare

 In broad and blinding flame,
The mysteries of the gloom laid bare,
Undammed the torrents of the air
 And tenfold darkness came.

And as the beam in darkness bowed,

A peal of thunder long and loud
 Shocked down through cliff and sky,

There swept the land a drenching shroud,
 And like a cloud within a cloud
 The horse went drifting by.

As scourged along by viewless arm,
 As cloudwrack blown before the storm,
 Resistless in career.
 So veiled from view and bar'd from harm,
 Thus did each armed and mantled form
 Speed on to disappear.

While hailed the shattered rock around,
 But harmless all—one thought profound
 Of thanks to the Most High
 For danger past and favor found,
 Yet while the world goes round and round,
 Can danger never die.

Another warrant for the tomb,
 Another shaft the archer doom
 Sends with as deadly aim;
 Far-borne across the breaking gloom,
 He heard the freshet's sullen boom
 Give warning where it came.

Upward and down the narrow vale
 He gazed and then began to scale
 With faltering foot and hand,
 A slippery stair with steps of shale
 And brambles for his guiding rail,
 To station of command.

A yawning cleft each splintered shred,
 Hurl'd downward to the ravine bed,
 All newly traced and scar'd;
 Torn by the bolt above his head
 That instant of his deathly dread,
 When light with darkness war'd.

Here loftier bluffs the tempest mock,
 Beneath him many a fallen block,
 Among the driftwood lay;
 With a sullen plunge—one mighty shock,
 White-breasted waters round the rock,
 And roll them swift away.

And more, yet more, those waters win
 A vaster depth—a wilder din,
 When storming their retreat;
 The upland floods come roaring in
 That wrecked the home of Honor Lynne,
 And roll them past his feet.

But he has gained this transient goal
 By one swift effort of the soul,
 Till danger's frown was o'er;
 As far beyond his calm control
 As that dark torrent's rush and roll,
 Then linger here no more.

He heard an eagle's distant scream,
 He saw the west give forth one gleam;
 And "haste," he said, "or die;"
 So, half alert and half adream—
 He raced beside the racing stream
 And saw the waifs go by.

He left the torrent's stormy flow
 Across that wooded cape to go,
 By those wild waters bound;
 In fashion like a bended bow—
 A league across as wings the crow—
 But twice the distance round.

Through awe-inspiring forest dells,
 Where silence wed with grandeur dwells,
 And years their offerings fling;

O'er tangled dips and pillar'd swells,
 With dog-rose starr'd and wild blue bells
 Like gallant walks of spring.

Those mighty woods—he owned their charm,
 For nature's wrath—in other form—
 May nature's face renew ;
 With glorious fragrance, wet and warm,
 The scattered fringes of the storm
 Had drenched the forests through.

Swift onward—though his heart misgave,
 Firm as the bravest of the brave
 He pierced that densest wood ;
 Far past the ancient Bandit's Cave,
 And saw the light and heard the wave,
 And reached a shelving ledge that gave
 Upon the lessening flood.

Beyond were springs and rills that fed
 A constant brook whose waters sped
 Through scenes that well he knew,
 And—by some signal tokens led—
 Beneath an elm's weeping spread,
 He found a light canoe,

Yon smouldering trunk the lightning rays
 In his dry heart hath blown a blaze,
 And there he made a meal
 Of fragrant mast and roasted maize
 (For there were tourists in the days
 Wherewith those records deal.)

Then passed an hour, reclining low,
 Or stepping lightly to and fro
 As rolled its course, and then
 He saw the sun when setting slow,
 And marked the radiant afterglow
 That flooded all the glen.

A thought of kindred claims his care,
 Whose fortunes dark or fate unfair
 Do deeply move his mind,
 They perished there—
 —But where, oh where
 Is Honor of the golden hair,
 The maid we left behind.

PART III.

Away, away, by cove and rock,
 Torn wood and crumbling hill,
 With fears that haunt and hopes that mock,
 Through scenes that daunt and sounds that shock,
 And dreams of deadly ill.

Thick dizzying as the flakes that seal
 And fleck the waters hoar,
 That thread their thousand handed reel,
 Where sweeps the millman's tramping wheel,
 Hard by his cottage door.

Here, gathering to the ambient race,
 All fearful forms, as if in chase,
 Dart from unfathomed deeps
 To banish hope that wanes apace,
 And there with wings that fan her face,
 The thirsting eagle sweeps.

And long his tireless pinions arch
 In measure with the stormy march
 Of that wild torrent's sway ;
 And long his thirsting glances search
 The shadows of her dipping perch,
 Before he drifts away.

And now the untiring foe is gone,
 But swift the shades of eve roll on,
 And dark the forests loom ;

A darker night draws near anon,
Whose aftermorn shall never dawn,
Or dawn across the tomb.

All in the centre of the flow,
Far tossing rounded the bended bow,
No glimpse of sky or sun ;
But clouds above and floods below,
As far as mortal gaze can go,
Along the stormy run.

O, midst that elemental war,
Her vision will not wander far,
Since all the changing rays
Of noontide, sun-pale, twilight's star,
Or night's fair moon unnoted are
By hope's receding gaze.

For now the two-fold end draws near,
Where yonder shelving banks appear,
There fate o'ersteps the line ;
Dividing danger from despair,
Though straight its onward course show fair,
The far-borne raft lies stranded there,
Locked o'er a sunken pine.

The hoarser tide with rush and scream,
That to her fading senses seem
A lull'd and distant roar
Whoops past her like a stormy dream,
And rocks her idly on the stream,
And sets her to the shore.

A stream with all its terrors doff'd,
A misty shore and hidden oft,
Though near but faintly seen ;
Yet as she meets the margin soft,
She wakes and winds her arms aloft,
Within its belt of green.

Nay, sets her very life elate—
 That motion turns the tide of fate,
 Forbids this page to mourn,
 And bears her backward from the gate,
 Where all oblivion's forces wait
 To bar the soul's return.

Her anchor'd raft with measured beat,
 Turns from the shore it turned to greet,
 And brought her there to stay,
 Now, nodding to its own retreat,
 It slips and dips beneath her feet
 And deftly glides away.

Lo, on the torrent's distant breast,
 A bar of light—with sudden zest
 The sun rolls through between
 A surge of flame—from crest to crest,
 That burning billow of the west
 Comes flooding all the scene.

Far through the forest deeps it goes,
 The paths are scarlet where it flows
 And crimson where it stops;
 Yon distant bank deep russet glows,
 And all the tintings of the rose
 Flush through the glowing tops.

That banks dun belt not only stood—
 Old roots that grappled where they could
 Were anchored midst the boulders rude,
 And down the branches clomb
 A lattice of inverted wood,
 Whose tresses trembled o'er the flood
 Or dipped them in the foam.

Here standing leans—and leaning stands
 In pose exhausted toil demands
 This waif of storm and stream,

With upward gaze and grasping hands,
 And crowned with gold-red streaming bands,
 Reviving from her dream.

And fading sense fresh vigor gains,
 And faltering life new life attains
 Across a gulf of pain ;
 As casting wide dull torpor's chains,
 The warm blood tingles through her veins
 And light to eye and brain,
 And purpose forms and reason reigns
 And earth looks fair again.

Now on and upward—up and on,
 Bask in yon beam till light be gone
 And win a wider view ;
 Night's darksome hours shall gloom anon
 Like ages till the morning dawn,
 And what can weakness do.

O'er living ladders—round by round—
 She slowly scales that headland mound,
 With summer verdure draped and bound
 And hopeful to the eye,
 All bathed and swathed, enwreathed and wound,
 And veiled and garlanded, and crowned
 By sunset's purple dye.

Far up the slant and past the wood
 She makes her dainty footing good,
 Till—just beyond the summit rude—
 What stays her steps and chills her blood ?
 Like lion in the way ;
 'Twas there the Texan soldier stood
 Between the forest and the flood,
 Between the night and day.

And be it foe, or be it friend ?
 And whither doth her journey tend ?
 Must grief begin again ?
 Her further course where shall she bend ?
 Thus doubts and fears without an end
 Beguile her simple brain.

But doubts and fears are far astray,
 With more of wonder—less dismay,
 Perplexed, but not distress'd ;
 Where loitering still, she heard him say,
 This youth with visage turned away,
 And looking to the west.

“ Yet yonder mark him drawing nigh,
 He guides to shelter warm and dry,
 Till midnight's moon be sailing high,
 And then we launch our bark canoe,
 And,—O for Honor let me die—
 And have you fallen from the sky ?
 And——” “ Brother Hubert,” was her cry,
 “ And is it surely you ?”

Through twilight onward hand in hand—
 Through night still on—by stream and strand,
 They ply their flight so sagely plann'd
 To scenes where order bears command,
 And all good things await ;
 Beyond the hostile mountain band,
 Beyond the Cortez border land,
 Beyond the rolling Rio Grande,
 And near the Golden Gate.

There have they dwell'd, since there they came,
 And good hath bless'd each modest aim,
 And prosper'd their estate ;
 And heart and memory are the same,
 Though one be known by other name,
 And school'd by other fate.

THE GODFATHER OF THE NEW WORLD.

A mimic thunderer, who high
 Enthroned above his dwarfish grove,
 Would flash across a playhouse sky
 The burning bolts of Jove ;
 Dim shades of those immortal fames
 That long have pass'd from earth away,
 Faint echoes of the awful names
 Renowned in classic lay.

LIGHT ON THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

All winds are laid this wintry night,
 And heaven is clear though earth be white,
 And dead bright sunset's lingering glow ;
 Around the north an amber band
 Is cross'd by many a glimmering wand,
 Shot-bolts from yonder wizard bow.

A milder calm shall brood anon,
 The spangles from the drift are gone,
 No longer with the blast it drives ;
 The frosts are fading from the pane,
 And Enna sees the sky again,
 And all her wondering she revives.

And climbing to the casement stands
 And spreads abroad her dimpled hands,
 And tells me that I ought to know ;
 And cause and reason both demands
 Until she deems she understands
 The whys and wherefores of the show.

And I prepare to judge with care,
 And firmly bring my mind to bear,
 And mark the magnet and the scale ;
 And long and deeply con the sky
 Till wisdom prompts me to reply,
 With judgment that can hardly fail :

“ Magnetic force, electric flame,
 Ethereal powers of varying name,
 Combine to form our summer's glow ;
 But with the waning autumn ray
 The voltaic current ebbs away,
 And spends the winter far below,

Where lightning's wing securely furl'd
 From changes of this upward world,
 Lies deep and dormant half the year,
 Where subterranean lavas boil
 Around the vast induction coil,
 Or central magnet, of the sphere.

But when around this silent ball
 Dim winter's slanting sunbeams fall,
 To waste them on the desert ground
 While insulating robes of snow
 Divide them from their kind below,
 Or bonds of crystal gird them round.

Those potent forces pent and still,
 Begin to feel the unwonted thrill,
 Ere nature grant them leave to fly ;
 Due south and north their currents flow,
 All darkly ranging to and fro,
 As will'd to gain their native sky.

Till centering round the silent pole
 Their lightnings leap from earth's control,
 And rend those ice-bound surges free

Forth from the boreal waves they spring
 The centre of the frozen ring,
 That belts yon open polar sea.

Theirs be the embodied forms of power,
 Cyclops and Titans of the hour,
 And lords of wrack and disarray
 By whose dread might are floefields torn,
 And currents of the ocean born,
 And icecliffs launched upon their way

A blazing sheaf their form appears,
 Or fountain-foam of fiery spears,
 Projected from the polar main
 And fragments of the solar ray
 Complete the circuit of their sway,
 And bring them posting here again.

For broadly blows and deeply glows,
 Each petal of that burning rose,
 Bright ocean's crowning diadem ;
 And backward round the globe they tend,
 As blossoms of the lily bend
 So graceful to the wiry stem.

Before the sun rolls high the tide,
 Or wakes the sap in woodlands wide,
 Those streamers of the northern sky
 Forth from their frozen wilds unknown
 Come drifting toward the solar zone
 Swift as their shafts of light can fly.

When nature's grace they would restore,
 Decree that frost shall reign no more,
 Nor storm fiends marshal their array—
 Those airy messengers they send,
 To say that winter has an end,
 His time goes fleeting fast away.

In silence she the scene surveyed,
 As might some lonely little maid ;
 The grandchild of the ancient ark—
 Who turned from stormy sunset's glow
 To wonder at the new-born bow
 That blazed around the eastern dark.

" Oh, have they always came and came
 In such a ring-a-rosy game,"
 Then added in a minor strain,
 " When I was dreaming yesterday
 I know I heard sweet voices say
 ' O winter wild will fly away,
 And all the world be fair again.' "

FATE SPOILS THE BABY'S PLAY.

NUMBER 1.

The snow lay heavy on the plain,
 The sun was going down,
 When Farmer Forbes had sold his grain
 And left the market town.
 The weather was not very cold,
 The ice and snow were prime,
 And all the young—and half the old—
 Were out to spend the time.

A mile beyond the Pincombe dam,
 And fairly on his road,
 A bridge across the Sydenham
 The frozen flood bestrode ;
 And there they gather'd for the fun
 And pitched their voices loud,
 And as he touched his horses on
 There darted from the crowd

Two merry maids with dog and sled
 And they were mad with glee,
 The one that drove, the one that led,
 And both collectively.
 One sister rode upon her sled,
 The other, with a thong
 Bound to his belted harness, led
 Her panting dog along.

She gain'd the sleigh—it gain'd the bridge—
 Her sled was at the back,
 Where doggie trots along the ridge
 That parts the double track ;
 And so she rode—till glancing down
 Along the onward way,
 Lo, heading swiftly for the town
 There loom'd another sleigh.

Then down she sprang. "Go back ! go back !
 There is no room to spare ;
 The passing sleighs will fill the track
 And jam our doggie there !"
 To drag him from the ridge alone
 Was now her one design,
 But he had notions of his own
 And would not clear the line.

But faced his guide—as strongly will'd—
 And pulled against the grain ;
 And Polly pulled, and Ponto pulled,
 And both with might and main.

And pulled the harness o'er his head,
 Then unsubdued and free—
 He shook his ears, and off he sped
 For home and liberty.
 Aye, swifter than the wind he fled,
 And left the maids behind
 To bring the harness and the sled ;
 A lesson here we find.

And this is true, we saw it all,
 And this is why we say
 'That care will come—without a call—
 And spoil the baby's play.

PUZZLE.

To nothing closed in fifty-five
 The fifth of letters add ;
 'Twill make the thing that kill'd a king
 And drove a wise man mad.

MIGHTY IS SONG.

O mighty is Song when a light is breaking,
 Destined to illumine the wide earth o'er ;
 mighty is Song when the world is waking
 With a thought never known before.
 Shine on ! shine on ! dark shadows are shaking,
 They're drifting away as the light draws near ;
 Its own way taking—its own way making,
 Growing clearer and yet more clear.
 Shine on ! shine on !

O mighty is Song ; and song is ringing
 From the earth to the sky with a new found voice
 That bids the barren break forth into singing,
 And the ends of the earth rejoice.
 Ring on ! ring on ! as a fountain flinging
 Pearl dew on a rose below,
 And the fond cup bringing with a fond upspringing
 To the wealth of the fountain flow.
 Ring on ! Ring on !

O mighty is Song, when the harp comes hither
 (Though the pipe should fail let the harp succeed)
 No cause for to fear that the rose shall wither,
 Will wither and leave not a seed.
 Bloom on ! bloom on ! though the dark clouds gather
 Deepest gloom over mountain and shore,
 Though the wild rock-heather and the wild hawk-
 feather,
 Know a voice in the land no more.
 Bloom on ! Bloom on !

O mighty is Song, and Time, her waiter,
 Brings joy with a silent tread ;
 For the mighty hopes that once were traitor
 Are true when the years are fled.
 Song-lover is Time—he dare not hate her—
 Her hope shall he yet fulfil,
 For one is greater—his one Creator,
 And we wait for the word and the will.
 Roll on ! Roll on !

THROUGH MANY WAYS.

O well ! well-away ! how the years fly away !
 Shall a voice from the past ever guide me,
 To find out a way through the dark and day,
 For myself and the angel beside me ;
 To find out the way where a fool cannot stray,
 The way for myself and my Ida ;
 To find out the way where my true fortunes lay,
 The way where they yet may abide me ?

Thy thoughts are too gay, for myself I will say,
 The monster to whom they confide thee,
 For God I will say, and the words you may weigh,
 That the mask of thy heart cannot hide thee ;

Ye hid them away for thy gods made of clay,
 My Rachel for which thou wilt pride thee ;
 I found out the way—and the will too—but stay,
 I find not the heart for to chide thee.

But not so alway—for it chanced on a day—
 When another was seated beside thee
 I found out the way for to send him away,
 I found out a way to divide thee ;
 I found out a way for to bear thee away
 From the ills that were like to betide thee,
 I found out the way for to make thee obey,
 I found out the way for to guide thee.

When they yell'd for their prey with a chase,
 Harkaway,
 A danger itself can decide me ;
 I found out the way for to bring them to bay,
 The dogs that would dare to deride thee !
 They fled from the prey in a base gone away,
 The baseness that would have allied thee ;
 Ye met me that day in the hearts give away,
 And bade all their world to avoid thee.

CHRISTMAS, 189—.

The season comes of frost and snow
 Of friends and Christmas cheer
 That goes as fast as time can go
 And comes but once a year ;
 And when it goes—with loss or gain—
 We think we ought to sigh
 Because it never comes again
 And that's the reason why.

Yet scenes like these we hope to see
 The course of time restore ;
 Since other years have yet to be
 As years have been before.
 So all the time in happy mood
 We bid each year good-bye,
 We hope the next will be as good,
 And that's the reason why.

TO ———.

O lovely maid, whom I adore,
 Say, must we part to meet no more ?
 Did sovereign fate decree
 That thou shouldst find a changeless home
 While I a lonely exile roam,
 Afar from love and thee ?

Though far from home and friends I rove,
 The memory of the maid I love
 Shall dwell within my breast,
 Shall still remain the guiding star
 That greets the wanderer's gaze afar
 From scenes in youth it blest.

Yet far too faint thy distant light
 To chase the shadows of the night,
 That gathers o'er my mind ;
 Not gladsome as in seasons past,
 Those days—too happy for to last—
 Dear girl, I leave behind.

Thy presence then, my darling one,
 Was grateful as when wakes the sun
 The long night-watch too cheer.
 From thy warm smile I never roved,
 But long a faithful planet moved
 In thy refulgent sphere.

While to my heart thy radiance came,
 And kindled there congenial flame ;
 Now absent must I be,
 While captive to thy loved control ;
 Shall darker orbs around thee roll
 And borrow light from thee ?

Yet fare thee well ; my fondest prayer,
 And friendliest wishes shalt thou share ;
 May fortune wait on thee ;
 May cloudless skies around thee spread,
 On roses may thy footsteps tread
 And joy thy portion be.

But shouldst thou suffer, shouldst thou grieve,
 How swift to rescue or relieve,
 How eager would I fly ;
 Should dark affliction ever fling
 One feather from her sable wing
 To dim thy cloudless sky.

Yet stay, oh stay, why should we part ;
 Already one in mind and heart,
 Why not in word and deed ?
 To roam with me my constant mate,
 To share my fortunes or my fate
 Wherever it may lead.

O say not that my suit is vain,
 Nor to despair devote thy swain ;
 That heart he bids thee share
 He numbers not with baser minds,
 Whom custom, vice, or error blinds
 To all that's true and fair.

To lands that bear the orange and vine,
 Where cloudless suns and seasons shine
 Wilt thou, my dearest, go ?

Thou wilt, a queen my love shall reign,
 The sovereign of a starry train;
 Farewell to gloom and woe.

While in a firmament of light
 A double star our rays unite
 To cheer some happy home.
 Whilst thou for love and I for fame
 Together trace our blended name
 In letters of undying flame
 On glory's lofty dome.

TO ———.

Lovely one, those crimson blushes
 Lend a brightness to that tear,
 Like the sparkling tide that gushes
 In a fountain cool and clear,
 'Neath the foliage stain'd and sere,
 Where the vineyard's fruits appear,
 Portents of a goodly cheer,
 When the bashful vintage blushes
 For the favors of the year.

Sure some nameless charm flung o'er thee
 Finds thee favor in my sight;
 Never harvest hale and hoary
 Gave the reaper more delight,
 Nor the stars that twinkle bright,
 As they send their silent light
 Through the shadows of the night,
 Shone with such a potent glory,
 Universal in its might.

While thy voice to mine replying,
 Though the sense I barely seize,
 Never swan alive or dying
 Rivall'd this, thy power to please,
 Nor the sighing of the beeze
 As it rustles through the trees
 When the tyrant winter flees
 And the realm of spring is vocal,
 With the song of birds and bees.

On thy constant love depending,
 Grateful as the fresh'ning shower
 When our barren skies unbending
 Low their welcome shadows lower,
 Fairer than the fairest flower,
 Never breath of woodland bower—
 Pledge of spring's progressive power,
 Breathed such sweetness, though attending
 On her most delightful hour.

Nothing false nor undecided
 Shall my steadfast heart allure;
 No sophism many-sided
 May thy stainless mind immure,
 Ever constant and secure
 As the paths of light are pure,
 And the patriot's triumph sure,
 Ever free, yet undivided
 May our mutual love endure.

THE PATH OF THE LIGHTNING.

Oh say, what earthly destiny
 May mar the fame achieved by me,
 Whose crowning triumph yet may be
 Departed worth's revival;

E'en mind all potent in degree
 That sent me through the stormy sea,
 That fame can never rival.

A captive ray of scathing flame
 Destined to serve another aim
 Beyond my best deserving;
 To hail a distant land of fame,
 And thence return the way I came,
 And keep my course unswerving.

And what a narrow course was mine,
 Which yet united with one twine
 The true and ample hearted,
 And bound two nations in one line,
 'Twas ocean's envious design
 Forever to have parted.

On errand of importance bound
 I vanished, 'mid the depth profound
 Of ocean's saline water:
 Behind me lay that land Newfound,
 Where finny myriads shoal around
 Unthinned by constant slaughter.

How swift did I my course pursue
 Far down beneath those waters blue,
 Illumed with beams Elysian;
 As 'mid their dazzling depths I flew
 What wonders flashed upon my view
 Conceal'd from mortal vision.

Here sighing shells impurpled shine,
 The mermaid's goblet stained with wine,
 The lute of ocean's charmer;
 And there a frigate of the line,
 All worn and blackened by the brine,
 Was confined in her armour.

And yonder pearls more rich and fair
 Than ever (wreathed in Beauty's hair)
 Have glimmered to the midnight air,
 Or mocked the skies of morning,
 Which queens have vainly wish'd to wear,
 And bards confessed beyond compare,
 Unsightly crags adorning.

And now of dungeons, dark and cold,
 As miser's avaricious hold,
 I pass'd the gloomy portals,
 Where floating mines of wealth untold
 Had bribed the waves with gems and gold
 To spare the lives of mortals.

Which yet had folded with the dead
 The hands which all these trophies spread,
 Mayhap they deemed it fairer;
 As wolves, more fierce by carnage fed,
 First snatch the offering of man's dread
 Then slay the tribute-bearer.

Here mark'd I many a massy bar,
 Yea! all the toys that vaunted are,
 That man can make or ocean mar,
 Her darkest deeps bestrewing,
 While wafted from their homes afar
 The waifs of elemental war
 Commingled with the ruin.

The captain and his gallant crew,
 The warrior with the foe he slew,
 The votary of pleasure;
 The thoughtless throng—the wiser few,
 The spendthrift and the miser too
 Entombed with all his treasure.

Pride, stand reproved ; these mains allow
 No throne for thee—though even now
 Thy lonely shade may linger
 O'er Beauty's cheek or manhood's brow,
 Effaced by neither passion's plough
 Nor time's corroding finger.

'Mid spoils that cumber'd ocean's floor,
 In endless range from shore to shore,
 Through long, long ages hoarded ;
 All these I mark'd and many more,
 As ever waves or woman bore,
 Or angel pen recorded.

While 'mong such spoils with gambols rain
 The mighty monsters of the main
 Disported in their freedom ;
 Sea serpents shook the shaggy mane,
 Or coil'd the undulating train
 In some submarine Eden.

Or Kraken huge as island bank,
 Whose arms enormous rank on rank,
 Diverged, encircled, rose or sank,
 With slow but deadly motion ;
 While Leviathan's cumbrous length
 Display'd such vast unwieldy strength,
 As waked a slumbering ocean.

Long ages must the shafts of death
 Forbear such revelers briny bath,
 While man himself is dying ;
 Their pride disdains the lightning's wrath,
 Too wary far to cross my path,
 My distant power defying.

How calm the waters sleep below,
 Where billows neither come nor go,
 Their stubborn pride restraining ;

Nor wake, though wildest tempests blow,
 Nor gather to fair Luna's glow,
 Nor ebb they with her waning.

Farewell, those depths—yet e'er I found
 The goal for which my course was bound,
 With what diverse emotion.
 With what dismay I gazed around,
 Amazed with every sight and sound
 Of nature in commotion.

The winds sent up a warning cry,
 As clarion-like, shrill, hoarse and high,
 Their herald voice ascended,
 And summoned ocean to defy
 The anger of that stormy sky,
 Wherewith his waves were blended.

Untempted by the sparkling ore,
 Unharm'd amid the rush and roar
 Of waves that proudly vaunted,
 I gained the shelter of a shore
 Which exile oft has sought before,
 Thence but to tempt the main once more,
 By all its rage undaunted.

Such course is mine from day to day,
 Retrace that course I must or may
 Which ere thou term it—toil or play,
 Tho' fleetest far and stronger
 Subjected to their lordly sway,
 (The signal, Hark!—away, away),
 My master's mandate I obey,
 And dare delay no longer.

NORTH AMERICAN THUNDERSTORM.

All nature smiled when morning's prime
 Glanced o'er the forest fair,
 That glory of our western clime
 No other land may share.
 The sun high risen from ocean's foam
 And o'er the mountains high,
 Still higher mounts the vaulted dome,
 And gains meridan sky.

One half his long triumphant march
 Has hailed the king of day,
 Now slowly down the bending arch
 He holds his stately way ;
 But in the line that bounds his view
 A cloudy wreath there lies,
 Part glooms in deepest darkest hue,
 Part glows with brighter dyes.

From ocean's brim in the far west
 With banner dark unfurled,
 The storm-king rears his sable crest
 And frowns upon the world ;
 Now rising from yon gloomy bank,
 Before his band he strides,
 As higher mounting—rank on rank,
 His marshal'd host he guides.

With burnished shield whose sombre gloom
 Has caught a brighter glow,
 With trappings dashed with purple bloom,
 And banners tipped with snow ;
 He rests not in his onward path
 To greet the royal Sol,
 But with a flush of deepening wrath
 Enshrouds him in his pall.

In endless lines his columns roll,
 Hushed has all nature grown,
 All Heaven's wide arch from pole to pole
 Lowers in one sable zone.
 The forests wave like bending grain,
 And mimic ocean's roar,
 That sweeps a thousand leagues the main
 To shake some caverned shore.

Furious the whirlwind rushes past
 As mounted vandal throng,
 The cedar bows before the blast,
 And lays him all along ;
 And like a giant fierce and strong
 Beheld with awe and dread,
 The red bolt-bearer strides along—
 Earth reels beneath his tread.

The lordly oak his power defies,
 And fans the stormy tide,
 The vengeful fiery current flies
 And smites his crown of pride ;
 The scenes that late did brightly bloom
 Now ruins dark deform,
 Thus Error's course begins in gloom,
 And ends in wasting storm.

But lo, a streak of dawning light
 Along the west appears,
 And broader grows, and glows more bright,
 And onward still it bears ;
 Where now the storm-king's furious boast,
 Or pride aspiring high,
 The shattered remnants of whose host
 Sweep down the eastern sky ?

The sun again from darkness free,
 Pursues his placid way
 And smiles abroad o'er land and sea
 In calm benignity ;

Thus Truth at last—tho' Error's blow
 May long obscure her ray—
 Beams forth again with brighter glow
 When clouds are swept away.

FATE SPOILS THE BABY'S PLAY, NO. 2.

The story is not much to tell
 Yet you shall hear anon,
 Of what to Baby Ralph befell
 But three short days ago;
 It chanced when he was taking stock,
 Quite in the first degree,
 For he can walk and he can talk
 As yet imperfectly.

Two summers he this baby fair,
 And Bessie's years are three,
 And Bessie rode the rocking chair
 And baby came to see
 The stately car that sis would ride,
 And soon he got to know
 That he when standing close behind
 Could make the motive go.

Her attitude was painter's charm,
 A pose of childish grace,
 With tangled locks across her arm
 And arm across her face;
 'Tis twilight hour, she swaying there
 In dreaming reverie,
 And baby stands and swings the chair
 And laughs in happy glee.

Till—awful change—in tragic scream,
 Dissolves his laughter gay,
 And starts the household from its dream
 And thrills it with dismay ;
 And cause had he may here be said
 For shrieks of wildest woe,
 When underneath the rocker tread
 He slipped his tender toe.

That tread as heavy as a hill,
 As heartless as a clown,
 That like a Bank or cotton mill
 Was always closing down ;
 Sure sorrow seems an endless tale
 And happiness as brief,
 Short was his laugh—but long the wail
 Before they soothed his grief.

And this is true, we saw it all ;
 Good reason why we say,
 That care will come—without a call—
 And spoil the baby's play.

YOUTH RENEWED.

Hail ! happy childhood's hopes and fears,
 Each backward glance thy date endears
 Still more and more to me ;
 Thou transient scene of smiles and tears,
 Fair April of my added years
 So dear to memory.

O where is that enchanted beam
 That gilds existence's dawning gleam
 To some, perchance to all ;

Faint as a half-forgotten dream
 Those long-flown years to memory seem
 That now I would recall.

O might—as Zion's King foretold—
 That power which marks my mind grown old
 Renew its youth again ;
 Since far less vivid, vexed and cold
 My tide of time which since hath roll'd
 To the eternal main.

Years given that nothing can restore,
 Like generations gone before,
 Or present, or to come ;
 Not few to grief, to folly more,
 None to approve—all to deplore,
 And number'd is their sum.

How oft the noblest minds that move,
 Will barter gifts that well might prove
 An angel's attributes ;
 Thenceforth in talent, taste or love,
 Or sink beneath, scarce rise above
 The level of the brutes.

I speak not now of passions gross,
 That mantle with the darkest dross
 The metal of the mind,
 Which yet may wear the outward gloss
 Of some dark tree with gilded moss
 That hides the tarnish'd rind.

Nor is it passions fierce I mean,
 That blind us with deceitful sheen,
 Till reason takes the wing ;
 Not theirs the blame—for well I ween
 Affections vengeful or obscene
 Their own correction bring.

It is that hidden, treacherous crew,
 To all, except a noble few ;
 The shoals whereon we strike,
 That gild their barks of every hue,
 And every hour the strife renew,
 Assailing all alike.

Man's Eden lost—still leagued with hell,
 Still tempted by the serpent, fell,
 He ever turns aside ;
 Heedless we launch our found'ring shell,
 And bound, as with a wizard's spell,
 Drift downward with the tide.

Beguiled and soothed by specious wrong,
 And wiled by Fancy's syren song,
 Still farther from the shore,
 We mingle with the thoughtless throng
 Who tempt that torrent dark and strong
 That rolls forever more.

Till 'reft of friends, joy sought in vain,
 Evanesce'd or become our bane,
 Our hopes all overhurl'd ;
 Past folly goads us till we gain
 One glimpse of that tremendous main
 That wrecks a ruined world.

All sad, dejected, and forlorn,
 With pain too bitter to be borne,
 And dread of deeper woe ;
 Tho' helpless in the toils we mourn,
 From hope to hope we fondly turn,
 Yet seek our aid below.

'Mid breakers lost, tho' vain man's skill,
 The breath of heaven our sails may fill ;
 A voice breaks on our dream,

Not trumpet-toned, but low and still,
 Awake, arise, exert thy will,
 And strive against the stream.

Oh, if we heed that voice divine,
 Our spirits shall this fire refine
 From dross and base alloy,
 And worthy of their grand design
 Be raised in power to reign and shine,
 And crowned with lasting joy.

From all their past offences shriven,
 With grace to purge the inbred leaven,
 And deathless fair renown;
 The heirs of wrath are heirs of Heaven,
 To him who overcomes is given
 A never fading crown.

As rising o'er the brow of night
 The morning star beams on our sight,
 Thus may our course be won;
 Tho' clouds soon dim its radiance bright,
 Not quenched its beam before their flight,
 But merged in that transcendent light
 That robes the rising sun.

And long as endless ages flow
 That sun shall shine—no shade of woe,
 No danger can we fear;
 Nor doubt, nor darkness can we know
 While his glad beams forever glow
 In their eternal sphere.

With patience may we run our race,
 And when we reach that promised place
 So steadfast and secure,
 The blessings of eternal grace
 Supreme o'er error's latent trace,
 Forever shall endure.

Not pride elate—nor carnal self,
 No false desire, nor sordid pelf
 Shall wield a base control,
 But endless youth, unfailing health,
 And perfect love and boundless wealth
 Shall satisfy the soul.

OUR PATHS HAVE MET.

One sovereign will have overawed
 All counter powers of force or fraud,
 Beneath bright heaven's dome;
 He speaks and heedful to his nod
 The audience of the stars applaud,
 Our life one perfect poem.

They came to us from far abroad,
 O'er desert sand and fertile sod,
 And cross'd the ocean's foam,
 An hundred thousand leagues they trod,
 Those swift unerring fates of God,
 Before they found our home.

CRUSOE IN EXILE.

O solitude, how strange and drear,
 The past may ne'er return,
 The tide of fate has borne me here
 And left me here to mourn.

It was the sixteenth day of May,
 The fifth month of the year,
 My messmates did the anchor weigh
 And gave their parting cheer ;
 The helmsman stood beside his post,
 The wind was fresh and strong,
 A slaver toward the Guinea coast
 Was bearing us along.

A storm sprang up and roused the tide,
 In vain we shortened sail,
 Still rose the blast, till veering wide
 We ran before the gale ;
 But wilder still the tempest grew,
 Down came the sweeping rain,
 Loud thunder roll'd, red lightning flew,
 Dark heaved the restless main.

And on and on through storm and gloom
 For many a league went we ;
 Each moment nearer seemed our doom,
 And fiercer raged the sea ;
 Till sudden rang a trumpet peal,
 With thrilling cry of " Land !"
 But e'er 'twas heard our good ship's keel
 Was buried in the sand.

And o'er us broke the stormy sea ;
 Each surge of ocean's war
 Swept hold and deck—spill'd o'er our lee
 And strained each cord and spar.
 Again resounds that trumpet note ;
 "Our boat !" was now the cry,
 Our one lone hope—our only boat,
 Cast off—to live or die.

Ahead with stern and heavy stroke,
 A war of flood and sand,
 Wave following wave, successive broke
 Along the level strand;
 The seas against the breaking surf,
 For which we madly steer,
 Like rival racers of the turf
 Urged on their wild career.

Astern, a wave, crown'd high with foam,
 Came charging o'er the main;
 Each way, as far as eye could roam,
 One long unbroken chain;
 High as the prow of loftiest bark,
 That ever spread a sail,
 That mighty wall of water dark
 Was borne before the gale.

The tempest, towards this barren shore,
 Sent on the dashing brine;
 All lesser waves went down before
 That crested endless line.
 On, on, the giant billow swung
 Beneath a cloud of spray,
 His chilling arms around us flung
 And gathered in his prey.

From boat and comrades sunder'd wide,
 My mates I saw no more,
 Borne far beneath the rolling tide
 And onward to the shore;
 And like an arrow, swift I sped
 Along the shelving strand,
 Borne o'er the ocean's rocky bed
 And dashed upon the land.

A darker doom my comrades found,
 Their fate—their tombs unknown;
 With half-a-score the boat went down;
 I reached the land alone.

Farewell, my native land and sky,
 Farewell my comrades too;
 I bid you, one and all, good-bye,
 A long and last adieu.

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE—No. 1.

FROM UNPUBLISHED POEM—"EMIGRANT."

With what mingled emotions of hope and of fear
 Did I enter the bourne of the strange hemisphere;
 But they faded with the warrant both of pleasure
 and of pride,
 As the ocean's troubled torrent blended with a
 purer tide.

Still receding, till I lose them, when the ark of
 our abode
 On the broad unruffled bosom of the lordly Law-
 rence rode;
 Fondly would my memory linger 'mid that stream's
 enchanted maze,
 O'er each trace of Nature's finger there presented to
 the gaze.

Strong repugnance rising stronger to the end I have
 in view,
 But we will delay no longer than to mention one
 or two,
 Which their praise as sacred duty from the merest
 churl might claim,
 One a scene of passing beauty—one of unsurpassed
 fame.

One the eye delighted follows in its undulating line,
O'er Cape Rosiers' heights and hollows, clothed with
verdure—crowned with pine.

How those mounds, those woods, those meadows
lend enchantment to the scene,
As their shifting lights and shadows alternately
intervene.

While betwixt the cornfield sober and the pine's
oppressive green,
Did the sunshine of October spread a dim delight-
some sheen.

And I earnestly remember that the thought beguiled
me then,

'Tis my future—my November that is rising to my ken.

But the mist settled deeper and darker it grew
Till that loveliest vision evaded my view,
Save the clear sky above and the tall pines beneath
With their dark foliage rising in wreath over
wreath.

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE—No. 2.

With speed that no mischance delays
We stemmed that stream's majestic tide,
Till rose before my raptured gaze
The field of fame and pride;
Which fancy for my wayward mood
Had oft in brightest hues designed,
Tho' colored with a kinsman's blood
When offered to my mind.

The field that saw the vanquish'd weep,
The victor shroud his palm,
When Valor scaled her frowning steep,
Famed "Heights of Abraham;"

While higher rose that tower-crowned crag—
 Point Diamond's brow of care,
 And higher still the red cross-flag
 Was floating on the air.

Which banner borne in Glory's van,
 And yonder flaunting fair;
 Recall'd the memory of the man
 Whose valor placed it there;
 Who, heir to fortune's princely dower,
 A world encircling name
 Could envy in his dying hour
 A bard's undying fame.

And he his brother leader brave
 Who fell beneath her frown,
 Yet shared the honors of his grave,
 His rival in renown;
 Combining dignity and dash,
Montcalm, that patroit true,
 When *Wolfe's* thin lines one blasting flash
 Against his forces flew.

A hundred hearts, young, brave and gay
 Confess'd its fatal power,
 A hundred lives were borne away
 Amid that deadly shower.
 Farewell, brave hearts, may never strife
 Again disturb your land
 Till peace shall forge a pruning knife,
 From war's impurpled brand.

ODE TO PETROLEUM.

Petroleum rises in the west,
 And sheds his glory to the east,
 All nations with his beams are blest;
 Where'er his radiant light appears

He burns and beams with steady ray,
 O'er lands that long in darkness lay,
 He springs from our fair Canada,
 And sheds the radiance of the stars.

Fair fortune his attendant stands
 To bless and to enrich our lands,
 Or crown the labor of our hands,
 Which nothing will so well repay;
 Coal gas, or dip, or rancid train
 May urge their varied claims in vain,
 All gloomy rushlights we disdain,
 And shout "Long live Petrolia."

PEACH AND ROSE.

Choice blessings lie within our reach,
 Within the reach of thought and toil,
 We win them like the fragrant peach
 That wins a nectar from the soil;
 Begun 'neath winter's solemn power—
 Brought forth by springtime free and fair,
 Enriched through summer's shine and shower
 And mellow'd in the autumn air;
 A gift to cheer the god's divine
 When offered at their holy shrine.

Tho' countless blessings have been lost
 Loss has been lost in final gain,
 Tho' every darling hope be cross'd,
 Unconquer'd hope shall bloom again;
 Shall bloom, shall bound, from heart to heart,
 Break forth and blossom as the rose,
 Swift as the lightning's vivid dart
 The time encountering clouds oppose,
 The hope of hopes for aye renewed,
 Eternal, changeless, unsubdued.

DUET—AROUSE THEE WITH THE DAWNING.

TENOR.

Day dawns once more, thou dear one,
 Now wakes the bird and bee,
 Then rise, my love, my fair one,
 And wander forth with me ;
 The golden gleam of morning
 Shines far o'er lake and lea,
 Then rouse thee with the dawning
 And wander forth with me.

ALTO.

O yes, when morning smiling
 Awakes the tuneful throng,
 Care's cankered breast beguiling
 With innocence and song ;
 While blithesome birds are conning
 Their matin melody,
 I'll rouse me with the dawning,
 And wander forth with thee.

TENOR.

All nature's heart rejoices,
 Let love-lorn hearts admire
 The forest's thousand voices,
 The grove's melodious choir.
 Not flatterers fulsome fawning,
 But love's behest to thee,
 Then rouse thee with the dawning
 And wander forth with me.

ALTO.

When orchards sheeted over,
 Display their dazzling bloom,
 Or breath from corn or clover
 Comes freighted with perfume ;

What time yon misty awning
 Enshrouds the purple sea
 I'll rouse me with the dawning
 And wander forth with thee.

FROM CLOUD TO SEA.

Oh rills that rush from the crest of a mountain,
 Bursting to light from many a fountain
 Leaping along with musical warble
 Over the ledges of granite or marble,
 Whither away are ye flying; whither away are ye
 hieing?

Whither go ye?

On for to join the mighty river,
 To follow his endless course forever,

Wherever that course may be.

We glide away like a happy dream
 And gladden the vale with a life-giving stream,
 And tho' half of our number disappear
 In a single league or a single year

Yet a gladsome course have we;
 For a river is like the life of man
 And its mountain course is childhood's span.

Brooks of the vale; but wherefore sally
 Forth from your fastness into the valley,
 Chaos of waters, fuming and toiling,
 Fretting and tossing, booming and boiling,
 Whither away are ye hast'ning; whither away are
 ye posting?

Whither go ye?

On for to join a broader torrent;
 On for to speed with a swifter current;
 Onward untamed and free,

Outshining the skies of the morning fair,
 Outstripping the speed of the morning air,
 Till a dark rock rears a frowning wall
 And the foaming water goes over the fall
 With a fierce and a frantic glee,
 For a river is like to a mortal's life
 And we symbol its youth of impatience and strife.

And ye, O river, with grandeur girded,
 With majesty crowned—with fame rewarded,
 What motive, what power forever is drawing
 Thy mighty expanse, intrepid and aweing?
 Whither away are ye wending? whither away are
 ye tending?

Whither go ye?

On with a calm resistless motion,
 On to the deeps of the boundless ocean,
 Down to the silent sea;
 Enriched with the treasures swept down from afar,
 Unheeding the burdens of commerce or war;
 One purpose forever—fulfilling my way
 Through the passing hours of the golden day,
 A monitor formed for thee
 From the brooks and the rills and the mountain rain,
 To the silent sea—I shall rise again.

ADA'S JETSAM.

The sky and ocean blending
 To gain their lost embargo,
 While rival-like contending
 Engulf'd the stately Argo;
 Lost Argo was she,
 Down went that fated Argo
 With all her costly cargo
 All hopelessly descending
 To the bottom of the sea.

But who presumes to measure
 The power of one survivor
 Of woman's pride and pleasure,
 The resolute retriever,
 Reviver was he,
 The skill of such survivor,
 And daring of the diver
 Has snatched my darling's treasure
 From the all-devouring sea.

This proof of proud devotion,
 This prize which honest care made,
 He gather'd from the ocean
 To deck his vassal's fair maid ;
 A fair maid to me ;
 To deck my own, my fair maid,
 The lovely little mermaid
 I hail with new emotion
 In her vesture of the sea.

As new emotion tender,
 The minstrel's morning rosy,
 No more the bard's offender
 Shall term his future prosy,
 Once prosy to me,
 My future tame and prosy,
 This dawning beam of poesy
 Illumes with glowing splendor
 New risen from the sea.

My friend, Browne, who is posted in ornithology, tells me that he has found out how birds of the eagle and condor tribes are able to soar and sail without beating their wings. He claims that nobody has ever

stated the true explanation of the mystery, and that he discovered it by accident. He says the birds have kept the secret for six thousand years. He says he will publish the facts in one of the Toronto papers on the first Canadian holiday that comes around. He says this is because the eagle is the American emblem, and if a Canadian makes the discovery, Canada can claim the eagle as well as the "Kolapore Cup."

QUESTION :—Is there any method in his madness ?

A SEAMAN'S EULOGY.

Gone ! gone ! gone ! from the knowledge of the living ;
 'Twas a gallant ship, I ween,
 As the world had ever seen ;
 And she floated on the sea
 Like an eagle wild and free,
 When beheld careering proud
 O'er the mountain-crowning cloud
 Where the blue abyss of heaven looms in lone im-
 mensity.

Lost ! lost ! lost ! 'mid the carnage of a tempest,
 When the ocean and the air
 Fierce as leopards from their lair,
 Blent the shrieking of the gale,
 And the hissing of the hail ;
 With the surge's awful roar
 As they tumbled on the shore,
 Where they left but one survivor for to tell the fear-
 ful tale.

Down ! down ! down ! to the bottom of the ocean—
 Long she wrestled with the storm
 E'er it won her stately form,
 Or the billows made a prize
 Of her goodly merchandise ;
 But her measured course was run
 And our duty duly done,
 Heroes share the fate of mortals but their memory
 never dies.

ON PRIDE.

VARIED FROM A TRANSLATION OF THE SPANISH "FOOT-
 STEPS OF DECAY."

The world is old—the world is wide,
 Yet neither time nor place for pride
 It ever can bestow,
 For Life is short and Death is sure
 And joy can never be secure
 While wishes wider grow.

Yet save man's first and latest place,
 Those outposts of the human race,
 The cradle and the grave ;
 Both sad and mirthful 'tis to see
 Pride fill each station, each degree
 From potentate to slave.

Unmindful of their low estate,
 Oblivious to their transient fate,
 Some Babel-builders vain
 With vaulting vanity aspire
 To stretch their line from sire to sire,
 But like a golden chain

Or lofty ladder which they climb
 To mighty names of ancient time,
 Or cord of silken twine ;
 One broken strand—one missing round,
 A single link that proves unsound
 May mar their boasted line.

All ranks are hurried to one goal,
 As Time and Fate repeat the roll
 Of unforgotten names ;
 Alike the servant and his lord,
 Resign the sickle and the sword
 When Death their homage claims.

Where are those names of high imprise,
 Which once did seem to mortal eyes
 The all-important few ?
 Their pomp and power have taken wing,
 Their very tombs are mouldering
 'Neath Time's corroding dew.

So must all mortal pomp decay,
 All earthly garlands fade away
 From frail humanity ;
 Then be thy glory and thy pride
 Taught by an everlasting Guide
 Who was and is to be.

TO ANNA IN HEAVEN.

And art thou gone indeed,
 And must my spirit mourn ;
 Must thine from earth recede
 And nevermore return ?

Loved one, oh, why depart,
 Why leave me here alone?
 Thou darling of my heart,
 Ah! whither hast thou flown?

Though borne from life and fame
 Through death's repulsive vale,
 And men forget thy name,
 Shall I thy fate bewail?
 Since bond-dissolving death
 Hath set thy spirit free,
 Ere wrong's impoison'd breath
 Had ever breathed on thee.

Ah, no, the thought forbid
 That star which faded here—
 From mortal vision hid—
 Shines in another sphere;
 Forever with the blest
 Its radiance shall endure
 Where an eternal rest
 And triumph are secure.

THE ONE MERIT HUMAN.

'Mid mortals benighted
 What bosoms are torn,
 What destinies blighted;
 And life's early morn
 Though fair and unclouded
 With nought to deform,
 How soon 'tis enshrouded
 In darkness and storm.

"A world of transgression
 Our earth we may call,"
 Is the sage's confession,
 And warning to all.

To forgive is *the* merit
 That mortals should claim
 Who desire to inherit
 Unperishing fame.

ODE TO GOLD.

All hail to thee, gold !
 Though to hearts that are cold,
 Both a grief and a danger are thou,
 The snare of the devil
 And the root of all evil :
 A dumb idol to which they all bow.

Yet hail to thee, gold !
 To the minds of true mould
 A defence and a treasure thou art ;
 They would spend thee forever
 In the cause of the Giver,
 If the hand were as rich as the heart.

All hail to thee, gold !
 Though to souls for thee sold,
 Still a curse and a torture art thou ;
 Tho' 'mid thee they languish
 In darkness and anguish,
 That finds them they know not well how.

Yet hail to thee, gold !
 To the true and the bold
 Who have chosen a far better part,
 Why should they misdoubt thee,
 Since with or without thee
 Greater treasures have sway o'er the heart ?

ST. GEORGE'S BANNER BOLD.

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE FENIAN INVASION
OF 1866.

Hark ! what rumour, dire and fearful,
Swiftly borne o'er land and wave,
Speaks in accents, strange and tearful,
Words of warning to the brave ;
'Tis our country's call of danger,
Claiming aid of each true son ;
Sound the trumpet !—raise the standard !
Gird the patriot's armour on.

Bear aloft the flag once honored
By our sires in days of old ;
Rally round the Royal Lion,
And St. George's banner bold ;
While we sound a dauntless challenge
To our base and bloody foe,—
“ Here we plant the flag of freedom
And no further shalt thou go !”

Lo, the alien and the stranger—
With his crimson flag displayed—
Ruthless as the desert ranger,
Would our sacred soil invade ;
Shall our glorious land lie bleeding ?
Rouse, ye heroes of the north !
Join in battle !—strike for freedom !
Drive the foe with fury forth.

Raise the Shamrock, Rose, and Thistle,
And the crown of ruddy gold,
Rally round the Maple standard,
And St. George's banner bold ;
While we sound a stern defiance
To our base and bloody foe,
There we plant the flag of freedom
And no further shalt thou go.

Dark the cloud of danger low'ring
 O'er our peaceful happy land,
 Treason's giant spectre tow'ring,
 Sword and torch in either hand ;
 Smite the foe his vengeance working,
 Scorn the friend that aids that foe—
 Malice in the shadow lurking
 Swift to deal the dastard blow.

Raise the flag that nations honor
 Borne through scenes of strife untold,
 Rally round our chosen symbol
 And St. George's banner bold ;
 While we breathe a firm defiance
 To our base and bloody foe,
 Here we plant our flag of freedom
 And no further shalt thou go.

FOR DOMINION DAY.

'Tis midsummer morning the sun's up in glory,
 Whose beam never sets on the realm of Victoria ;
 Both nature and mankind their slumber have taken,
 The bugles are blown and the banners are shaken,
 To honor the season ;—Canadians, awaken,
 While nature's own diamonds are brightly adorning
 The cold dewy brow of the midsummer morning,
 The day when the last of the nations was born,
 In the cycle of ages *our* midsummer morn.

On midsummer morning our hearts be contented,
 If harmony reign, and if strife be prevented ;
 Avoid thee ! thou demon of Retaliation,
 Thou dire source of evil,—a neighboring nation
 May rail on our *status* or sneer at our station,
 But shall we return either railing or scorning
 To mar our enjoyment on midsummer morning ?
 No, rather the branch of the olive be worn,
 Than the crest of the victor on midsummer morn.

For midsummer morning our land must remember,
 Revives not the fire-fiend from war's latent ember,
 While breathing defiance to foes and to Fenians,
 Goodwill should be shown to all lands and dominions,
 However diverse be their mind and opinions,
 May Mars nevermore sound a token of warning
 To call to the carnage on midsummer morning;
 Nevermore may the mantle of freedom be torn
 By the rude hand of faction on midsummer morn.

O midsummer morning, since springtide so tender
 Has yielded her throne to thy season of splendor,
 We'll trust that when time tells the nations our story,
 He'll tell how when empires in winter grew hoary
 Our own lingered on through an autumn of glory;
 Or sped like the sun in his circuit, returning
 From dim winter twilight to midsummer morning;
 Our freedom unshackled, our garland unshorn,
 And our hearts undivided, O midsummer morn.

THE ROYAL OAK.

Hearken all who care for glory,
 Of a royal oak I sing,
 Famed in ancient song and story
 Of the forest trees the king;
 Never by the thunder smitten
 Though the bolts around it played;
 'Tis the royal oak of Britain,
 Nations rest beneath its shade.

CHORUS—First of lands still it stands,
 Still the watchword of the nations,
 And the envy of all lands.

Many an ancient foe has vaunted
 Of his power to work it woe,
 But it still remains undaunted,
 While its enemies lie low;

Many a foe may yet endeavor
 For to hurl it to the ground,
 But his blade must on it shiver,
 Or against himself rebound.

CHORUS—First of lands still it stands,
 Still the watchword of the nations,
 And the envy of all lands.

'Neath its wide and verdant shadow—
 Traced by many a crystal stream—
 Lie the cornfield, glebe and meadow
 Sheltered from the scorching beam,
 Though around its stem may gather
 Darkest moss on every side—
 Shielding from the stormy weather
 Adding to its rugged pride.

CHORUS—First of lands still it stands,
 Still the watchword of all nations
 And the envy of all lands.

Where its native rock is riven,
 There its roots are anchor'd fast,
 And its branches spread to Heaven
 Ever battling with the blast.
 Friends may shun or foes may ban it
 Still it standeth fair and free,
 Founded on a base of granite,
 Girdled by a subject sea.

CHORUS—First of lands still it stands,
 Still the watchword of the nations
 And the envy of all lands.

VERSES ON THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON THIRD.

BY A STERN REPUBLICAN.

Napoleon has fallen! What visions of terror
May fade from the pages of history now,
No longer the mimic, repeating each error
Of him whose insignia encircled his brow;
No more their just wrath need the nations dissemble
Nor envy his favor, nor shake at his frown,
His fate be a warning that tyrants may tremble,
That truth may prevail and injustice bow down.

O fate! shall fair freedom continue to slumber,
Chained down to a tyrant's unfeeling commands?
Her friends few or false, and her foes without number
Both agents of ill to Europa's fair lands;
Shall traitors and tyrants continue to cumber
The halls consecrated to honor and fame,
Or deem we Napoleon the last of such lumber
By falsehood designed for her structure of shame?

Shall mortals benighted continue to nourish
A monster more fatal to friend than to foe;
Pride, fraud, and injustice unceasingly flourish,
And garner their harvest of ruin and woe;
Base favorites of fortune, selected at random,
Oppress the less favored and fortunate crew;
What goddess arrayed in the guise of a granddame,
Could more incongruous appear to my view?

No! Fraud and injustice we'll strive for to banish,
Though crushed to the earth truth shall surely rebound.
While wrong and her wreckers are fated to vanish,
The race of ill-doers is never renowned.

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Then, hail to past ages of glory returning,
 When justice with banner of brightness unfurled,
 The shadows of midnight shall change to the morning,
 And freedom triumphant reign over the world.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

NEW VERSION.

It was a dark and gloomy day,
 It was a fierce and deadly fray
 That sent the light brigade away
 That fatal mandate to obey
 Of "Charge upon the foe."
 The rugged Russian gunners stand
 Beside their guns—each lighted brand
 Is firmly held in trusty hand
 To meet the coming blow :
 When, lo ! a band of horsemen brave—
 Six hundred swords—not more—
 Came sweeping like the mountain wave
 That drives a wreck on shore ;
 The earth resounds to charger's heel—
 The crests wave high—the bugles peal,
 The scabbards lend the ready steel,
 As to their doom they go.
 The brands descend—with iron tongue,
 The mighty cannon roared and rung,
 Till smoke wreaths round their guardians clung
 Like gusts of mountain snow.

Their swords are now their only shield,
 Since all must die before they yield,
 A foe lies bleeding on the field.

With every sweeping blow ;
 Yet cannon loaded to the brim
 Still thunder forth their wrath and vim
 'Gainst foes who rush upon the rim
 Through smoke and blinding glow.

With ample space their ranks sweep wide
 As upbay billow swings,
 Now closer pressed dash like the tide
 That from Niagara springs ;
 To right—to left—behind—before,
 With fiendish shriek or sullen roar
 The raging grape-shot screamed and tore
 And blood flowed down amain !
 Still on—still onward like the wind,
 What lies before they may not mind,
 And dead and wounded lie behind,
 By shot or sabre slain ;
 Yet fiercer volleys round them glare
 And answering thunders shake the air,
 And horses dash, with saddles bare,
 Across the reeking plain.

'Mid murderous guns their column twines ;
 They shout—each purpled sabre shines
 Amid concentr'ing bayonet line
 Where further strife is vain.
 Return ! return ! they rein ! they wheel !
 And backward through the gauntlet reel
 To ply a passage with the steel
 Above their former dead.
 And now that shattered remnant brave—
 Three hundred swords—not more,
 Is bearing back as wasted wave
 Recoils from rocky shore.

As back they swept that fatal plain,
 Their path was cumbered by the slain

Or wounded writhing in their pain;
 The soil was damp and red;
 Their sabre fence they still made good,
 Though through that strife their bravest blood
 Was pouring in one ceaseless flood
 And many a life was sped.
 But one by one they sank away
 And fainted in the weary fray
 Till through the mist of battle grey
 They saw the cross of red.

Then failing courage fiercer burn'd
 As each survivor's hope return'd;
 Beyond the deadly range they reel'd,
 And such a shout of welcome peal'd—
 The wounded on the battle-field
 Might hear it far below.
 Both pride and sorrow seemed to say—
 Tho' glorious was our course to-day,
 Yet such another victory
 Would seal a nation's woe.

BARRY BANNER AT THE SOUTH.

AS DETAILED BY PRIVATE GREEN, OF THE NEW
 HAMPSHIRE IRREGULARS.

PART I.—EVENING.

He may have had another name,
 Though *I* have never found it,
 But this was one that gathered fame,
 A glow of glory 'round it;

We had it from the hero's mouth
 When Sherman overhaul'd 'em,
 'Twas Barry Banner at the south,
 And nothing else they call'd him.

This Barry lived and loved and led
 A troop of gallant yeomen ;
 When forty thousand planters fled
 Before their vandal foemen ;
 Columbia's army pouring in
 Her ranks of Celt and German,
 With all the fire of Sheridan,
 And all the skill of Sherman.

A night, bold Barry riding in
 Near old Atlanta Station,
 Took thought to marvel at a din
 Of transient agitation ;
 He heard a clamour deep and loud
 Suggesting thought of treason,
 He saw new faces in the crowd,
 And he would know the reason.

A tawny dame—Undine by name,
 His foster-mother truly ;
 To her he beckon'd and she came,
 His words to answer duly ;
 Admiring first his manner mild
 And noting how he rode too—
 "The Lord have mercy on you child,
 Why, what a man you've grow'd to."

"O, certain sure how came I here,
 'Twas just your uncle Harry
 That sent us in—that's me, my dear,
 Me and your cousin Clarry ;

Some said, the Northmen mean to bring
 That Blue Brigade of Hangers,
 'So so,' said he, 'I'll clip her wing
 Before she sees the Angels.'

"For though you be my Clara's love,
 And she your proper wages,
 And though she's true as worlds above,
 To all that she engages;
He'd hold her with an iron glove—
 O pity—how she rages—
 To-night I know my darling dove
 Would break a hundred cages.

"Aye, near the stars her fancy flies,"
 A sudden gloom just hiding
 The glad surprise in Barry's eyes
 For that especial tiding;
 "To her—to him, say nothing pray,
He counts me but a ninny,
She thinks I battle far away
 For freedom and Virginia.

"Since all the hours of day are fled,
 All things to rest are calling,
 And all the stars are rising red,
 And all the dews are falling;
 And brief the hours of rest to-night;
 No, not one word of warning.
 But like the lark that meets the light—
 I'll meet her in the morning.

PART II.—MIDNIGHT.

Half dressed across his blanket flung,
 The silent hours employing,
 In such a sleep as but the young
 And just are found enjoying;

But not for long—a startled scream,
 That like the moon on ocean—
 Dragg'd o'er the level of his dream
 A tide of wild commotion.

Seem'd Undine's voice from where away,
 That call'd her sleeping master
 With accents of a wild dismay
 And tidings of disaster ;
 With Clara gone, or Clara fled,
 He knew the thought intended ;
 He lost the very words she said,
 But all was comprehended.

I heard her flying in my dream,
 And voices echo "Treason !"
 But I will mount the Morning Beam
 And she shall hear to reason ;
 So half in grief and half in rage,
 With that beloved deserter,
 Affliction seemed his heritage,
 The sorrows of a Werter.

He called aloud for new command,
 Commission and indenture,
 He looked to thigh, to heel, and hand,
 And armed him for the venture ;
 Then from a stately soldier's hand
 He took his special order,
 And closer drew the belted brand
 To guard him o'er the border.

To saddle sprang—the good steed grey
 The darkness seemed to swallow ;
 Oh swift the bird had flown away,
 But swifter did he follow ;
 And silence settled o'er the camp,
 Nor question, nor replying,
 Until they heard the flying tramp
 In distant echoes dying.

PART III.—MORNING.

Now half-a-hundred miles away,
 Not yet all danger scorning—
 The Army of the Union lay
 And waited for the morning.
 My eye was true—my head was hard—
 My heart had never failed me,
 So for the morning watch and ward
 My masters had detailed me.

The starry east shall kindle soon
 To light and lustre wholly,
 While down the west a great red moon
 Was sinking, oh so slowly ;
 And as she sank and Phosphor glow'd
 To greet the dawn returning,
 With one companion south I rode
 And waited for the morning.

We rein'd—and from a wooded height
 The opening route reviewing—
 Hark—ho—a friend—in rapid flight,
 And yonder foe pursuing ;
 Oh, how they rode—her steed below
 Seem'd every muscle straining,
 But—fast and fiery came the foe
 Forever slowly gaining.

One mile away rode lady fair
 And half a league the stranger,
 And if we speed to meet her there
 She's safe from thought of danger ;
 When all at once—her winning steed
 With sudden stop and stumble—
 Just saved his guide—and lost his lead
 By more than half a tumble.

One shot to rouse the warning drum,
 To tell our camp the story
 And then I beckoned to my chum
 To ride with me to glory;
 Alas—we rode through heavy ground,
 A fearful tack to travel,
 While faster came that flying bound
 Along the flying gravel.

The lights were failing from the west,
 The dawn was growing clearer,
 As nearer to the prize we press'd—
 But Barry was the nearer.

She reined—her riding-wand she drew—
 Like dignity offended—
 One glance he threw as past he flew
 Before the blow descended;
 And now he knew the courser true
 That bore his bride-intended,
 Had lost a nail and cast a shoe,
 And so that race was ended.

He passed—he wheel'd—he looked on her,
 They read each other's faces,
 We near'd—he prest the rankling spur
 That taught that steed his paces;
 Like light the mettled courser flash'd
 To win his last of races,
 And sped away just as we dashed
 Upon their flying traces.

For Barry bent his stately head
 In mimic adoration,
 And "Home again," he only said,
 And swept her from her station;

We gallop'd like Appollo's team,
 When fiery Phæton claim'd 'em,
 But faster fled the Morning Beam,
 (For so had Barry named him).

I saw my prize of prizes go
 In passive non-resistance,
 Borne on the vandal's saddle-bow
 And fading in the distance ;
 One parting shot relieved my mind,
 She said the bullet pass'd her,
 But Barry swore 'twas left behind
 They rode so much the faster.

So he sought her—so he caught her,
 Staked his all upon the throw,
 So she changed her chilling *hautor*
 For affection's sunny glow ;
 Else her sire had doomed his daughter
 To a captive's lonely woe,
 And a course of bread and water,
 Like the Libby of the foe.

O, well, well away ! on another day,
 From another fray—in another manner,
 That twain rode in on the good steed grey,
 For they came in with the white truce banner.
 We loved them well—and Clara said
 What sage or prophet said before—
 When friends would question why she fled,
 She knew not what she fled before.

We question'd him like—well, I'll say
 Some live-by-law attorney—
 Of how he chanced to find his way
 That dark midsummer journey ;—
 For now the circling year had burned
 Green May to ripe September,
 And this the answer he return'd,
 As near as I remember,

Due south he rode that night in June,
 Long hours of lonely riding,
 She in the glare of Luna's noon,
 The doubtful distance hiding;
 Till near the dawn—O blissful boon—
 O'er hill and valley gliding
 Her feather mark'd against the moon,
 Became his star of guiding.

Still onward sweeps old Time's wild tide,
 And now some nine-and-twenty,
 Long years have pass'd since that wild ride,
 Long years of peace and plenty;
 And flying time has tam'd their pride
 And made their blood run colder,
 For Barry Banner and his bride
 Have grown a little older.

VICTOR CONDY.

MOTHER OF LIVING EMPIRES.

"Lone mother of dead empires," said Byron thus of
 Rome:

Mother of *living* empires we'll call our regal home;
 Our island home Britannia—that queen among the
 powers,
 Whose standard hails a rising sun the four-and-twenty
 hours.

Mother of living empires, Europa long ago
 Sat on her throne, and "which shall lead?" the
 nations asked to know;
 "Who'll speed the Cross, who'll guide the Press, and
 who shall rule the sea?"
 Europa marked her favored lands and gave the choice
 to thee.

Mother of living empires, beyond the rising sun,
Down the far years of care-fraught toil behold an
 empire won.

A land of ivory, spice and gems, as in yon golden
 age,—
Still India's empress (Sheba's Queen) would hear the
 Hebrew sage.

Mother of living empires, wild Oceania's lands
Regard, love, honor, and obey the sceptre of thy
 hands:

Australia's world, Borneo's clime, the islands look to
 thee;

Thou art the source or standard there of all the powers
 that be.

Mother of living empires, soon gentle Candace reigns
O'er a new realm of ransom'd slaves—the Land of
 Stricken Chains,

Where Africa hails the Crimson Cross advancing from
 the sea;

"Good Hope," the watchward of thy sway since it
 began to be.

Mother of living empires, beyond the setting sun,
Among the stars that deck thy crown behold a rising
 one;

Our own Dominion, broad and fair, right regal her
 domain,—

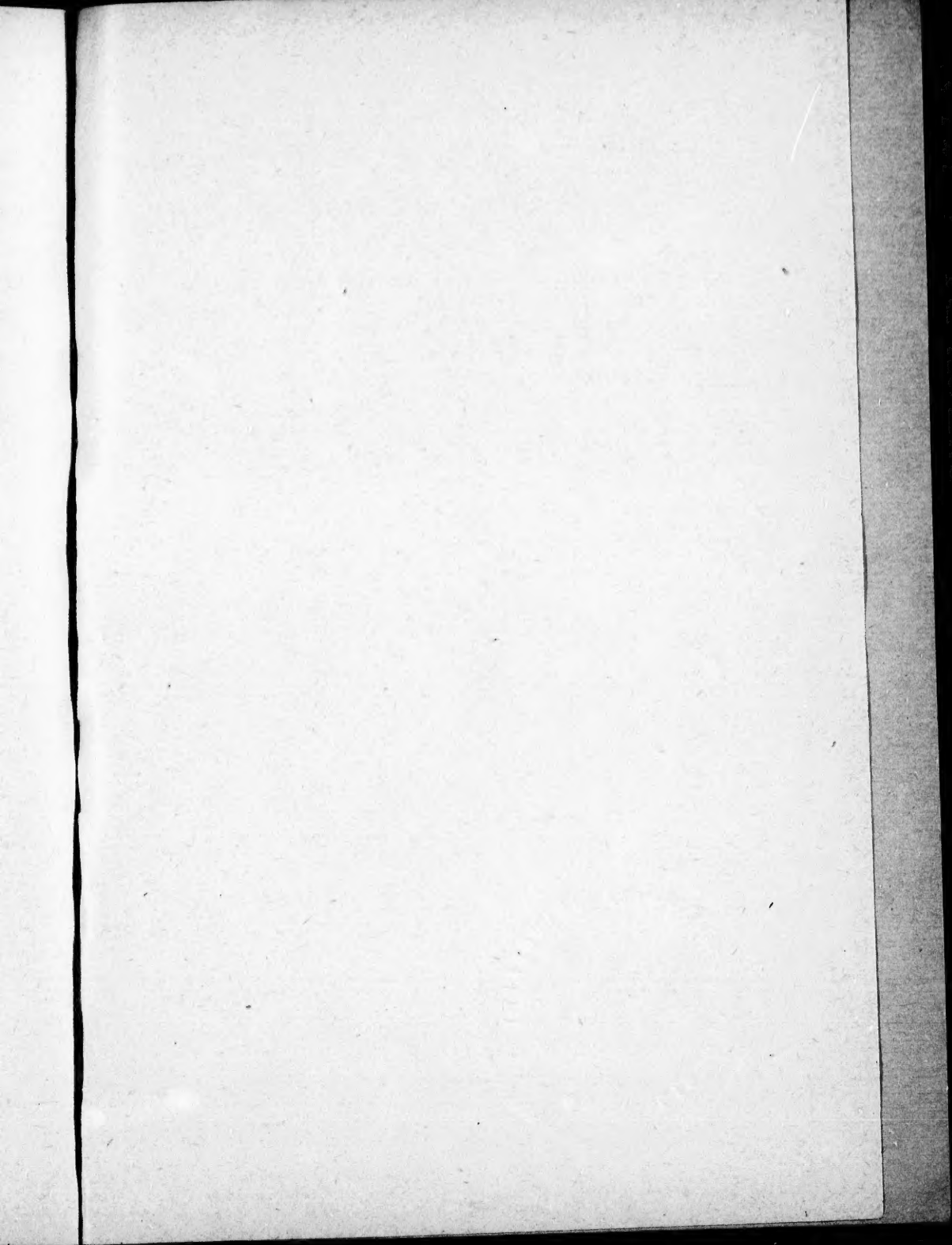
The youngest she, but not least full worthy of the
 train.

And with her, looking to the light advancing by her
 side,

To scale the future's haughty height with profit and
 with pride,

Though paths diverge or *some* should fail to give the
honor due,
Columbia looks across the wave and names thee mother
too.

Mother of living empires, those nations are of thee ;
Thy fame, their birthright and their boast, thy
strength and liberty.
Free as the planet globes are free, that ring around
the sun ;
Five nations in five worlds art thou—the nations are
but one.



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